

Evening Chat

The National touring week movement recently begun by the Department of the Interior, is fast gaining supporters, so that when the week begins Sunday, thousands of motorists will have completed their plans and will start on a week's tour to see some of their own country.

In this state garage dealers and supply men are preparing for the influx of tourists from neighboring states who are attracted by the variety of scenery the good roads now in West Virginia.

"See America First by Seeing Your Own State Now," is the slogan that has aroused the pride of the citizens. Today many local owners of cars are filling the grease cups in the old car and fixing up the spare tires for the weeks tour. Many new cars have been rushed into this vicinity so that the new owners could join in the popular movement.

Right in line with this National Touring week Movement, the county engineer has made every effort to have the dirt roads in this county in the best possible condition. The work is now almost completed for the summer and the main thoroughfares leading to and from Fairmont in various directions are far better than the average dirt road.

Monongalia's county's roads are also in fair shape while the roads in Wezel county are even better than in this county. All of the main places in Wezel were re-graded and widened last year, so that when the weather is dry some of the most delightful motor roads are found there. When it rains hard for several days, the new roads, which are still soft to a certain extent, are spongy and despond for the innocent driver who is unused to West Virginia touring.

A number of large yellow placards bearing rules and suggestions from the Public Health Council of West Virginia, for the prevention of typhoid and tuberculosis, have been received by the Marion county health officer who was requested to display them in public places. One of each have been posted in the county clerk's office and the remainder will be sent to the various towns in the county where they will be tacked up in the town halls and the school buildings. This campaign of publicity and education that has been begun by the State Board of Health, will undoubtedly bring the matter to the attention of the people in such a manner that much good will be accomplished.

Reports from all over Marion county state that this year's crop of the succulent blackberries is a bumper one. Whether this is to be a cause for congratulation or not is to be doubted. The blackberries are good to eat and are there for the picking, and no labor is needed to bring the crop to maturity. If the farmer will simply leave his land alone for a year or so the berry briars will grow up of their own accord.

On the other hand a modern progressive farmer considers it a disgrace to have blackberry briars on his place. Raspberries of the cultivated variety yield far greater revenue from the same amount of ground and the raspberries are better food, and are liked and eaten by more people, besides ripening earlier in the season before the busy harvest days arrive.

Another letter from Troop No. 1, Fairmont Boy Scouts, was received today as follows:

Bowden, W. Va., August 4

West Virginian:

Our camp is now named "Camp Arbogast" in honor of the old gentleman who owns the land. A number of other camps are along the river here but none closer than a mile and a half. We have the most desirable spot in the little meadow with the hay all cut off. The four tents are arranged in a crescent with flag pole in front bearing the national emblem and the troop pennant. The camp fire is in the center of the circle with the cook fire at the rear of the cook tent. The camp table in the cook tent is large enough to accommodate all of the Scouts at once and George Hill and Fred Beall are the cooks. This morning we had waffle cakes for breakfast. The water in Cheat is cold but swimming is good. We all have fine appetites and love the cooks. Mrs. Buckley arrived in camp today.

Fairmont Troop No. 1
Boys Scouts of America.

FAIRVIEW.

Lodney Haines, who has been working in Oklahoma has returned home. J. C. Yost, W. D. Yost and Dr. J. W. P. Jarvis was business visitors at Fairmont Friday.

Mrs. Martha Varner, Mrs. W. D. Yost and Misses Millie Haines and Hazel Smith were in Fairmont Thursday evening and visitors at the Staley home.

WHO'S GUILTY?

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SIXTH STORY
Sowing the Wind.

There were two pictures on Marjorie Turnbull's dressing table. But in her heart there was only one.

On the table, nestling in big silver frames, were the photographs of Henry Scott and of his handsome and younger brother, Hugh. In her heart the image of Hugh Scott reigned alone.

Cyrus Turnbull had been guardian to both the orphaned Scott boys. And he had taken both of them into his fast-growing brokerage firm.

Henry Scott was a man after the old broker's own type—honest, clever, a glutton for work. And in time these qualities made him manager of the firm.

Hugh frankly hated work. As a result he had more of it to do than had his more ambitious brother.

Being only mortal, he naturally laid his misanthropy at the door of hard luck and would have sworn that his brother owed his rise to fortune, plus favor. Moreover, he loafed sullenly over his own daily tasks.

There was one glint of light in Hugh's dreary, gray routine, and that was his employer's only daughter, Marjorie. He was crazily in love with the pretty and willful girl.

And ardent was for once rewarded. For Marjorie was quite swept off her feet by Hugh Scott's whirlwind courtship.

One noon she went downtown in her little runabout to take her father home to lunch. When she arrived Turnbull and Henry were closeted together, discussing a bit of important business in the former's private room. Hugh was alone in the outer office, correcting a balance sheet.

"Oh, sweetheart!" said Hugh. "It's like a check in a letter to see you! This has been such a rotten morning. Just one of those days nobody wants. Everything's gone crosswise. Your revered father has been calling me down. He told me that if I didn't take a brace he'd fire me."

"How beastly!" she consoled. "You poor, poor boy! I do wish I could help! I know how it feels to have people spoil one's day. Mrs. Hardy spoils mine nearly always."

"Mrs. Hardy?" repeated Hugh, surprised. "But how?"

"Oh, ever since she came to us as housekeeper she's been setting her cap to marry father. She thinks if I were safely married and out of the way he'd be so lonely he'd marry her. And she's forever nagging at me to marry Henry. This morning, as I was coming into the breakfast room I heard her saying to father: 'If you don't look out she will be marrying Mr. Hugh Scott instead of his brother.'"

"She said that?" exclaimed Hugh.

"What did your father—"

"Father had no chance to answer her at all. I walked right in on them."



"Is It Quite Fair to Dad?"

and I said to her: 'I am going to marry whom I choose. But I don't think you can.'"

"Listen, darling!" said Hugh, drawing her close to him. "I have an idea—an idea that's so crazy it's inspired. Let's get married; now, today, this noon!"

"What?"

"I mean it. We can go out now. The nearest justice of the peace can marry us."

"But—but," she hesitated, the reckless idiosyncrasy of the idea firing her girl's blood. "Is it quite fair to dad, to—"

"Is it quite fair to you," he retorted, "to have Mrs. Hardy influencing him against you? Oh, sweetheart, I love you so! And I'm so miserable without you! Make me happy! Marry me today!"

Hand in hand, laughing, like two children, they ran to the door. At the threshold Hugh paused.

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER BUTTERFLY," "SALLY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

"Wait a second," he said. "It's against the rules to leave valuable papers lying loose on the desk."

As he spoke he turned toward the wall desk at which he had been sitting. It was littered with papers of various sorts, including an envelope that contained \$760,000 worth of bonds.

With one careless sweep of his hands Hugh jumbled the mass of papers together so that he could bundle them into the safe.

The bond envelope was at the rear of the desk, where Hugh had tossed it, after jotting down the numbers.

And now, the sudden jostling of the other papers against it, sent the envelope sliding to the floor and hidden from sight by the back-board of the desk.

Hugh did not notice its fall.

Meantime, in Turnbull's private office, Henry Scott and his employer had reached a decision on the business question they were discussing.

"If it comes to a question of further collateral in the Bogardus loan," Henry said, as he was leaving the room, "Hopkins says we can put up that block of bonds he deposited with us. The face value is \$76,000; and they mature—your mature in—I forget the date. But Hugh will know. I left them with him an hour ago."

He stepped to the door of the outer office and then reported:

"Hugh isn't here. He must be out at lunch. But, for once, he's put all his papers back in the safe. He—"

"If he has," growled Turnbull, "it's the first time on record. He must be ill. Just take a look through the safe, will you, and find the date when those Hopkins bonds mature?"

Henry crossed to the safe and opened it.

Patiently he sought to put the papers to rights, at the same time searching for the bond envelope.

The envelope was not there.

His brow clouding, Henry went back to the private office.

"The Hopkins bonds," he said, hesitatingly, "are missing."

"Missing?" roared Turnbull, leaping to his feet. "Missing? Seventy-six thousand dollars' worth of negotiable securities missing? And Hugh Scott is 'missing' at the same time!"

"No!" denied Henry, fiercely. "You're wrong, sir. My brother—"

"Your brother is lazy, pleasure-loving, extravagant. He lives above his salary, as I happen to know, and he is in debt. His creditors are bothering him. And this morning I threatened to discharge him. He was in a tight corner. And he vanished. The Hopkins bonds vanished, too. What is the answer?"

"I don't believe it," declared Henry. "I won't believe it."

Turnbull wheeled about and caught up the telephone. Before Henry Scott could stop him, Turnbull had called up police headquarters and was telling his story to the desk lieutenant.

"There," said the older man, at last, as he set down the instrument. "That's settled. The police are going to send out a general alarm at once."

"Mr. Turnbull!" broke in Henry, his face white, his jaw set. "I believe you are doing my brother a terrible injustice. I grant you that he is weak and foolish and rash, but he has never been dishonest."

"Never that we know of," countered Turnbull. "And there must be a first time to everything, even to theft."

"Hugh has always been 'little brother' to me," said Henry, wretchedly, "ever since mother left him in my care when she died. He was a baby then, and I was a schoolboy. Ever since that time I've tried to make up to him for the loss of our parents. But lately, perhaps, I've neglected him for my work. I'm as much to blame as he. I should have watched him more closely. I—"

"Nonsense!" returned Turnbull. "You've stood between him and trouble a million times; but this time you can't."

"Perhaps I can," was the steady answer, as an odd light came into the brother's sorrowful eyes.

"You can't!" contradicted Turnbull. "You are mistaken," said Henry. "There is one thing I can do. And if necessary I shall do it. You handed those bonds to me. I handed them to Hugh. At least, I just said I did. If worst comes to worst, I'll tell the police it was not Hugh, but I, who stole them."

"No one would believe such an idiotic story!"

"You must give me your word not to prosecute," persisted Henry. "Not only for your own sake, but for the sake of our father who was your friend."

Turnbull threw up both hands in sulky surrender.

"Have it your own way!" he snapped. "I promise. But you'll let me scare him a little first for his own good."

"Yes," said Henry regretfully, after a brief pause.

"One thing more," persisted Henry.

"From the time I came here, 15 years ago, you've advised me in the investment of my salary and my inheritance; and this advice has enabled me to turn my money over faster than most men of my age. So I can make good to you on my brother's defalcation—on every cent of it."

"Wait till he is caught before we discuss that."

Henry left the inner office, closing the door behind him, and crossed to the safe. As he was bending over to open it, he heard a voice in the corridor that brought him to his feet, staring in dull amazement. Into the outer office, arm in arm, came Hugh and Marjorie. Their faces were alight with happiness.

"Hugh!" cried Henry, dumfounded, as he stood gaping dully at his jubilant brother.

"Listen, old chap!" cried Hugh, in glad triumph. "I've got a whale of a secret to tell you. We're married, Marjorie and I!"

Henry staggered back a step as though he had been struck across the face.

"Where are the bonds? What have you done with them?"

"The bonds?" repeated Hugh, in a bewilderment that his brother's disordered senses twisted into an aspect of guilt. "What bonds?"

"The police are after you," said Henry, stung to anger by what he regarded as Hugh's attempt to deny his guilt. "They are searching the city for you, at this minute. The—"

"The police?" quavered Hugh, changing color. "For me? I—I don't understand."

"The police!" echoed Marjorie.

Henry turned on her in a sudden flame of anger.

"Your dear husband," he said hotly, "has stolen a packet of bonds, whose face value is \$76,000. The proof against him is complete. Mr. Turnbull has notified the police."

"It is not true!" flashed Marjorie, as wrathful as Henry. "There is not one word of truth in it! Hugh!" she cried, turning to her bridegroom. "Tell him it is not true!"

"It is true," reiterated Henry.

And briefly he set forth the evidence against his brother. As the chain of circumstances was completed Marjorie shrank back with a gasp of dismay.

"The police have already spread the net for him," finished Henry. "And the moment he steps into the street he will be caught. He—"

"It is the only possible way to save"

Turnbull made a futile and belated effort to snatch the luckless note. But it was already in her father's hands.

"You have disgraced yourself and me!" thundered Turnbull, "by marrying a thief! He is a fugitive from justice. Go and join him. I'm done with you!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Turnbull," intervened Henry, stepping forward, and putting one arm about the half-fainting girl as he faced her father. "This is—"

"This is no affair of yours!" raged Turnbull. "Keep out of it!"

"No affair of mine?" said Henry, quizzically. "No affair of mine when you threaten to turn my wife out of your house? Where Marjorie goes, I go. I had hoped you would take the news of our marriage less angrily."

Turnbull's jaw dropped in amazement. He tried to speak.

His arm still about Marjorie, Henry turned to leave the room. As he led the bewildered girl with him, he whispered quickly:

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the evidence is so mercilessly convincing. Besides, flight is confession, they say. What am I to do?"

"Say nothing about your marriage until—"

"But it's too late! On the way from the office of the justice of the peace I scribbled a note, telling father. I left it at the house to be delivered to him as soon as he got home. I didn't want to tell him face to face for fear he—"

"You didn't say it was Hugh you had married?"

"No. There was no need. Father would know. Mrs. Hardy said to him only this morning—"

They were interrupted by the violent opening of the door leading from the corridor. Across the threshold into the outer office, hurried a tall middle-aged woman of strikingly handsome appearance. In one hand she clutched an open letter.

"Where is Mr. Turnbull?" she demanded loudly.

The door of the private office was opened and Turnbull came out.

"I heard someone asking for me," he began. "What—Oh, it's you, Mrs. Hardy? What is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" she shrieked. "This note was left at the house. I recognized Miss Turnbull's handwriting on the envelope; and I thought perhaps it was some message I could tell you over the telephone. So I opened it."

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